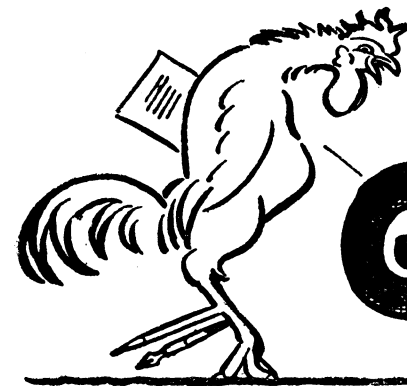


JANUARY 15, 1921

15 Cents



GOOD MORNING

Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.

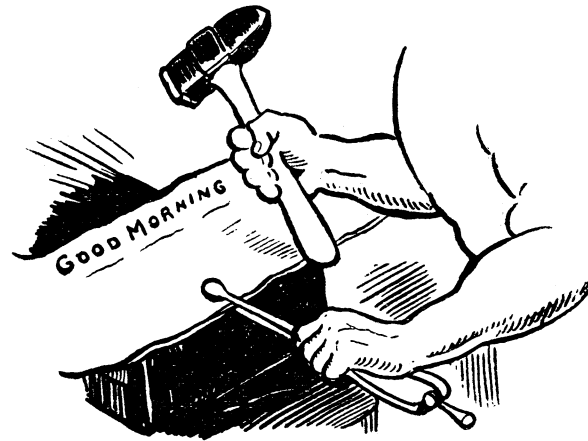


JOHN B. HUCKLEBERRY

For the Harding Cabinet

Dumpton, Ohio.—John B. Huckleberry, ex-editor of the Dumpton Independent, is being urged by Mr. Harding to accept a position in his cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. It is believed that his interior capacity fits him for the position.

In this Number: Darius B. Dewlap, John B. Huckleberry,
Ivy Lee, The Poor Fish and Secretary of State Colby



Hammer and Tongs

Maybe you have heard that clanging sound and mayhap you have looked in at the GOOD MORNING office where we are forging the only radical humorous magazine into the thing you want and we want.

When Lincoln told some of his friends that he was going to make the famous "House divided against itself" speech—they implored him not to make it, as it would spoil his chances to attain the Presidency.

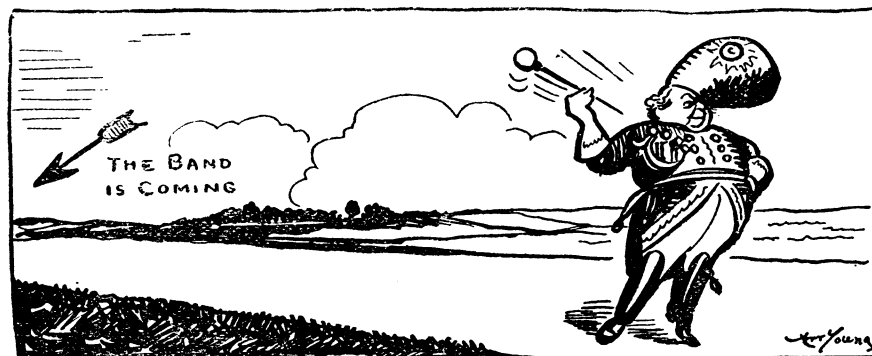
Lincoln insisted that he would make the speech and told them the following story: "We had a blacksmith in our town who started to forge an axe out of a piece of iron. He found there wasn't enough iron for the axe, so he tried to make a claw-hammer. Something went wrong with that, so the blacksmith thrust the red-hot iron into water and said 'Anyway I can make a fizzle.'"

With something of this spirit GOOD MORNING

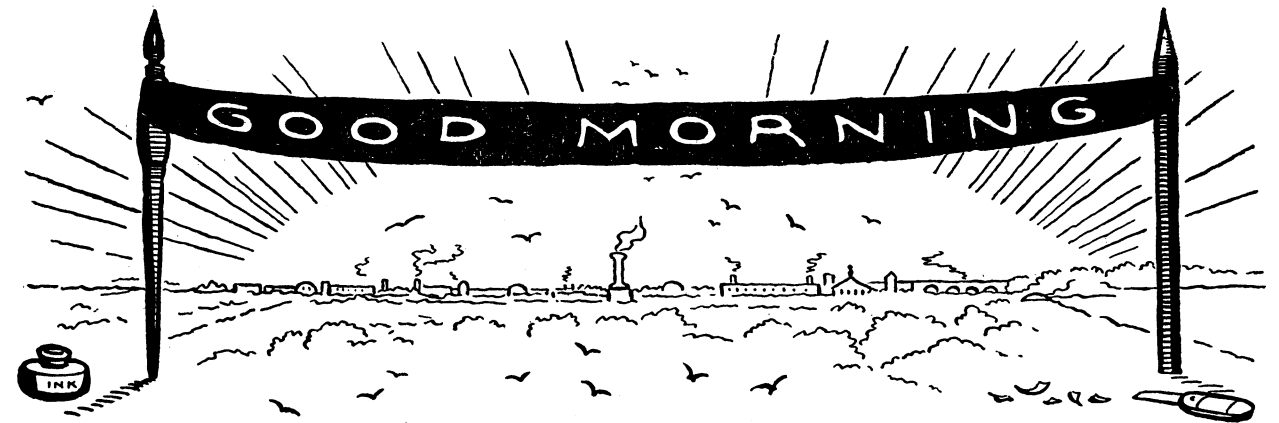
goes ahead. We have faith in our future and it keeps us busy carrying out plans to build it. We have already arranged GOOD MORNING debates, theatrical performances, musicales and, should our enterprise hold out, we may arrange a Cook-ed Tour to the Inauguration. As it looks now we may have to rent the Hippodrome for our business office, the Aquarium for the editorial office of the Poor Fish, and Central Park for the overflow of the GOOD MORNING army whose battle cry is "life, laughter and the surrender of the capitalist system."

Our German friend who runs the elevator has a joke. When the dignified editor of this paper enters the lift for the day's work, he says: "Good Morning twice,—vonce, outside and vonce upstairs." Then we both laugh together. It relieves the monotony of the long dreary ride to the fifth floor.

Is the editor of this
paper ahead of the
procession? Arthur
Brisbane says he is—!



FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE INAUGURATION NUMBER. OUT FEB. 15.



Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc.,
7 East 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

Vol. III. No. 2.

January 15, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

A Hootch Ballade

*Wonder why these days
Everytime a Dago gangster
Or a Jew gunman or an Irish pug
Gets plugged for keeps,
The witnesses disappear
And nothing is ever found
Except an empty gat
And the "stiff".*

*Funny how cold the clues get. . .
Then Hearst whispers "Hootch"
And the Times sighs
"Illicit whiskey traffic."
And they all whisper
That the police department
Is "whacks" with the "gyps". . .*

*I hate to walk by a flatfooted
Worn-out cop that has just done
Eight hours of sidewalk busting
And say to myself "There's another
Of those whiskey millionaires. . ."*

*I know it's a lie . . .
But where there's smoke
Something's lit up. . .*

*Ask any rummy. . .
There is booze aplenty;
All you need is the do-re-me.*

*Then, somebody's protecting;
Somebody's paying;
Somebody's getting paid.*

*If it's the cops,
I'd like to know which ones.
Maybe all the Beckers aren't jugged yet,
If it's the revenue inspectors,
I'd like to have Prexy Wilson
Make cabinet officers out of them.*

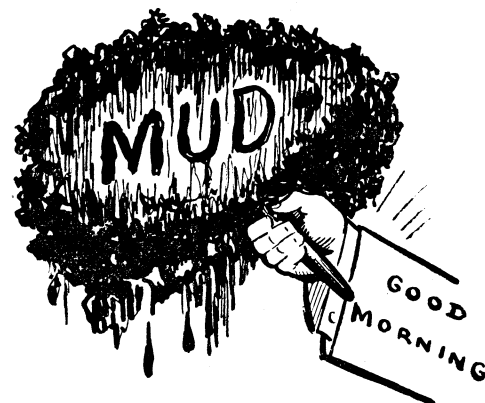
*If it's senators, assemblymen, mayors,
And suchlike—There's a chance
For Harding to pick some beauties. . .*

*I wouldn't have said a word, honest;
Only I hate to see so much good hootch
That mustn't be touched, according to
The Constitution of this U. S. A.
But which is O. K. if you can pony up
A buck for a pony. . . There's the rub.
Get me, gents. . .*

S. A. de Witt.



"Young man, your future is all ahead of you."
"That's the trouble. I can't catch up with it."



OUR BOUQUET

This week the honor goes to the N. Y. Times for the following extract from an editorial: "It is humiliating that the attention of the next President should have been devoted, even for a brief time, to puerilities like the proposal of a referendum before going to war and other matters of a like whimsical nature."—*N. Y. Times*.

HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM
No. 10.

Professor Dewlap

Darius B. Dewlap, Professor of Physics in Pale University, says the spirit of Bolshevism is a disease of the glands. If a man complains of unemployment and cannot face realities cheerfully — his algoplectic gland should be taken out and varnished.

PUTTING THE IRE IN IRELAND

It is clear from the report of the Labor Party committee that the British government has blackened itself with burnt Cork.

The Home Rule bill makes concessions that would probably have been gratefully accepted several years ago. Locking the garage after the fivver has been stolen is one of the best things England does.

The British troops dug up the grave of a nun near Dublin. The reason is not given but probably it was one of those "informal explorations" that Sir Hamar Greenwood has been talking about.

The Black and Tans are persecuting people who refuse to give information. It is part of the program of quieting Ireland to punish people for keeping quiet.

Just when Lloyd George seems to have his hands full of troubles from across the channel, he has to face the embarrassment of receiving an increase of salary from a committee of his own appointment.

When you take a good look at the British Parliament you wonder why the Irish want one of their own, and when you take a look at the American Congress you stop wondering.

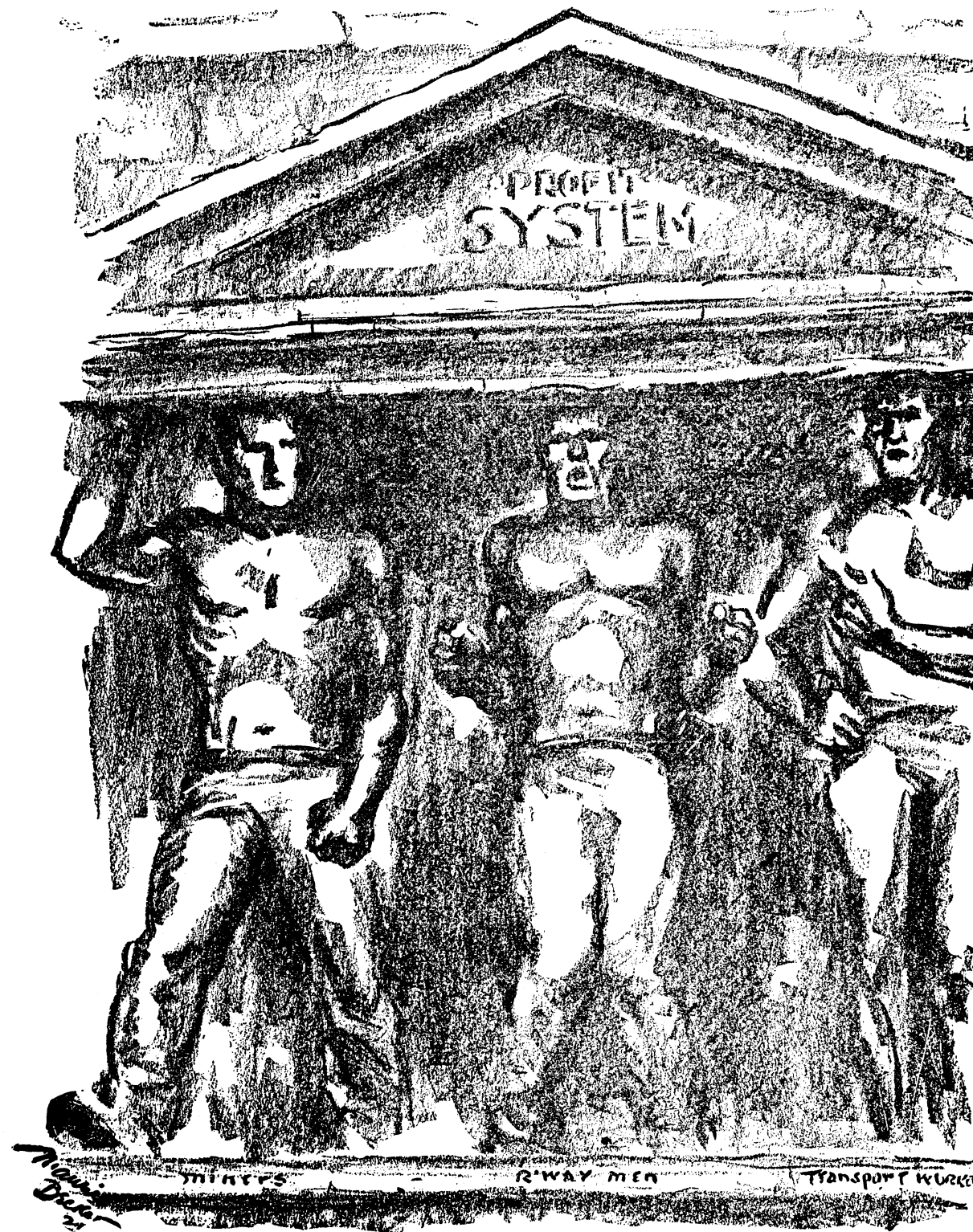
After the Irish attack upon a New York club which had an English flag an indignant citizen arose in the N. Y. Times to inquire: "Are Americans to keep quiet and submit to be told whether they may or may not fly certain flags?" *Somebody* has been having a nice long nap.

George Haven Putnam has again been hooted off a Brooklyn platform for his excessive tenderness to England. Major Putnam is one of the newest and most charming friends of free speech.

There is an alarming report that d'Annunzio is now going to help the distressful country, but the Irish republic has been spared one trial. It hasn't been recognized by France.

How nice and peaceful Europe would be now if it weren't for the bulls and bears, Irish bulls and Russian bears.

Howard Brubaker.



The Pillars



Martens Expelled — Bakhmeteff Remains

By J. MARINOFF

Ludwig Martens, representative of the Russian people, must leave America — so decreed Mr. Wilson, the Fourteen-Pointed. Why Russia deserves this treatment, we do not know. Her submarines did not sink our Lusitanias. Her Dernburgs and Bernstorffs did not enmesh us in any intrigues. Her agents did not blow up our factories. Neither is she striving for our Mexican oil, nor Japanizing our Pacific coast, nor competing with our naval construction. Why then are we expelling her representative?

It is true, Tavarish Martens did not behave like a diplomat. We know of no political indiscretion he has committed; we know of no diplomatic scandals to which he was a party; we know of no sleight-of-hand tricks which he has performed — yes, his conduct here was indeed unbecoming to an ambassador of a respectable, "recognized" government and would be enough to discredit any diplomat.

For more than two years Mr. Martens has drunk from the golden cup of our splendidly Palmerized and highly Burlesonized hospitality. He was a frequent guest in our best governmental circles. He has been "invited" to the inner councils of the Washington legal salons and senatorial inquisition chambers. . . In return, he was honored by visits from persons of high station, like the openly secret agents of our Department of Justice and our flagwaving provocateurs of Senator Lusk's staff. We should suppose that two years of rubbing shoulders with our best Palmer-Lusk democrats would have made him acceptable in the diplomatic family. We further hoped that in

time he might even receive as much recognition as Boris Bakhmeteff himself.

But something seems to have happened to prevent this. That "something," however, belongs to the secrets of Mr. Wilson's open diplomacy. It seems as if the gentleman of the White House is getting even with us, his humble masters, who last November sentenced him to lifelong private citizenship. This very proper motive may account for many of his puzzling acts — such as making Debs write "Daily Messages" of brotherly love from behind prison bars.

But we are not discussing Debs now. He unfortunately can not be deported, for he, alas, is an American citizen. And there is plenty of time until next Christmas when his liberation may again be discussed by some kindly spirits.

Returning to the subject, again we ask why Martens is being deported. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip is to blame, for coming home from Moscow with his pockets stuffed with contracts for American products. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip thought that Mr. Wilson would permit the Russian market to drive the wheels of American industry, disregarding the fact that this might give Harding credit for a little national prosperity. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip thought that our spotless administration might be tempted to soil its hands with tainted Bolshevik gold that had been minted from the crowns of the Czars.

There is, however, one consolation. After all, the Russian people are not left unrepresented in the United States. Martens goes — but Bakhmeteff remains! Bakhmeteff, Russia's



recognized ambassador, the man who has represented her under 57 varieties of regimes, from the Czar to Wrangel, is still an honored member of Washington's diplomatic family.

We suppose that Mr. Bakhmeteff is not worried about the non-existence of a "Russian government" for him to represent. There still remain a few Czarist generals whom France is ready to recognize as rulers of All Russia.

Lest you worry that Bakhmeteff has joined the army of the unemployed, we hasten to reassure you with this certificate issued by the State Department, October 21, 1920:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"This is to certify that Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff was formally received by the President of the United States of America as a duly accredited Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Russia to the United States on July 5, 1917, and that he has continuously since that date been recognized as such by the Government of the United States.

"BAINBRIDGE COLBY.

"Secretary of State of the United States."

And now, gentle readers, we defy you to

find a better joke with which to wind up a humorous editorial.

BURNING LOGIC

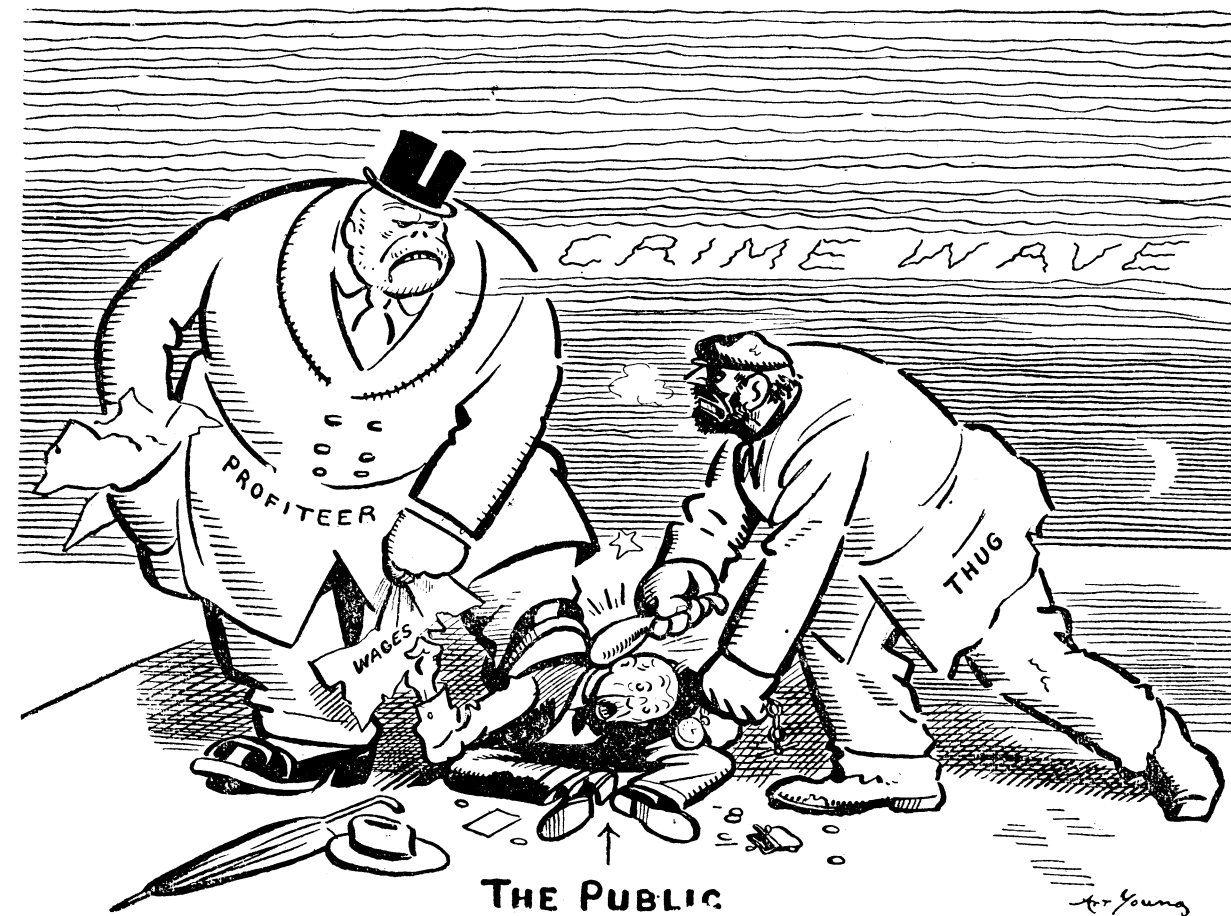
Judge: "Why did you burn down your barn just after getting it insured?"

Farmer: "Your Honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too."

* * *

When it comes to keeping a secret the less said about it the better.

We note that the authorities of the Labor Temple are under charges before the New York Presbytery for allowing people with ideas to speak on church property. It is claimed that this may be a violation of the law which exempts church property from taxation; and we haven't yet been able to see how the claim can be refuted.



Thug: "It's my turn now; you've had him long enough."



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

Published Twice a Month by
GOOD MORNING CO., Inc., 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
 Telephone: Stuyvesant 6885.
 Edited by **ART YOUNG** L. C. GOLLOMB, Bus. Mgr.

January 15, 1921.

The Jew

The echoes of "Peace and Good Will" die out with the last chime. Hunger stalks the earth. Empty stomachs cry out strange heresies against God and Government. God doesn't seem to worry as much as the Godly men do about His state. But the Gods of Government are real shaky about their pedestalled places. Something must be done to turn the tides of blame and bitterness from them. . . The Czars of the Russians are done, but the evil of their deeds lives after them. Whenever the harvests of the moujiks did not suffice to pay for the revels and extravagances of the Little Father and his noble brood. . . , and the starved millions of the provinces commenced to mutter and shift about below—the order went out from above,—“Quiet the beasts — throw them the flesh of a Jew. . . Tell them the Jew is bringing the curse upon my holy children”. . . And so it would start, and the grumbling would cease and hatred would appease hunger. The pogrom staved off the revolution many times. Our princes have learned this lesson well. . .

The Christian gentlemen, who find their thrones of power tottering because of the shifting, the hunger and the weariness below, are engaged in the age-old game of Jewbaiting. If there are no jobs, because there are no profits, — if there is hunger and poverty, disease, hopelessness, and darkness ahead,—the blame must not fall on the heads of a system that makes for these phenomena. . . Good times will come eventually . . . Somehow—but until they come, the rabble that grumbles must

be appeased. They must not be given even time to think.

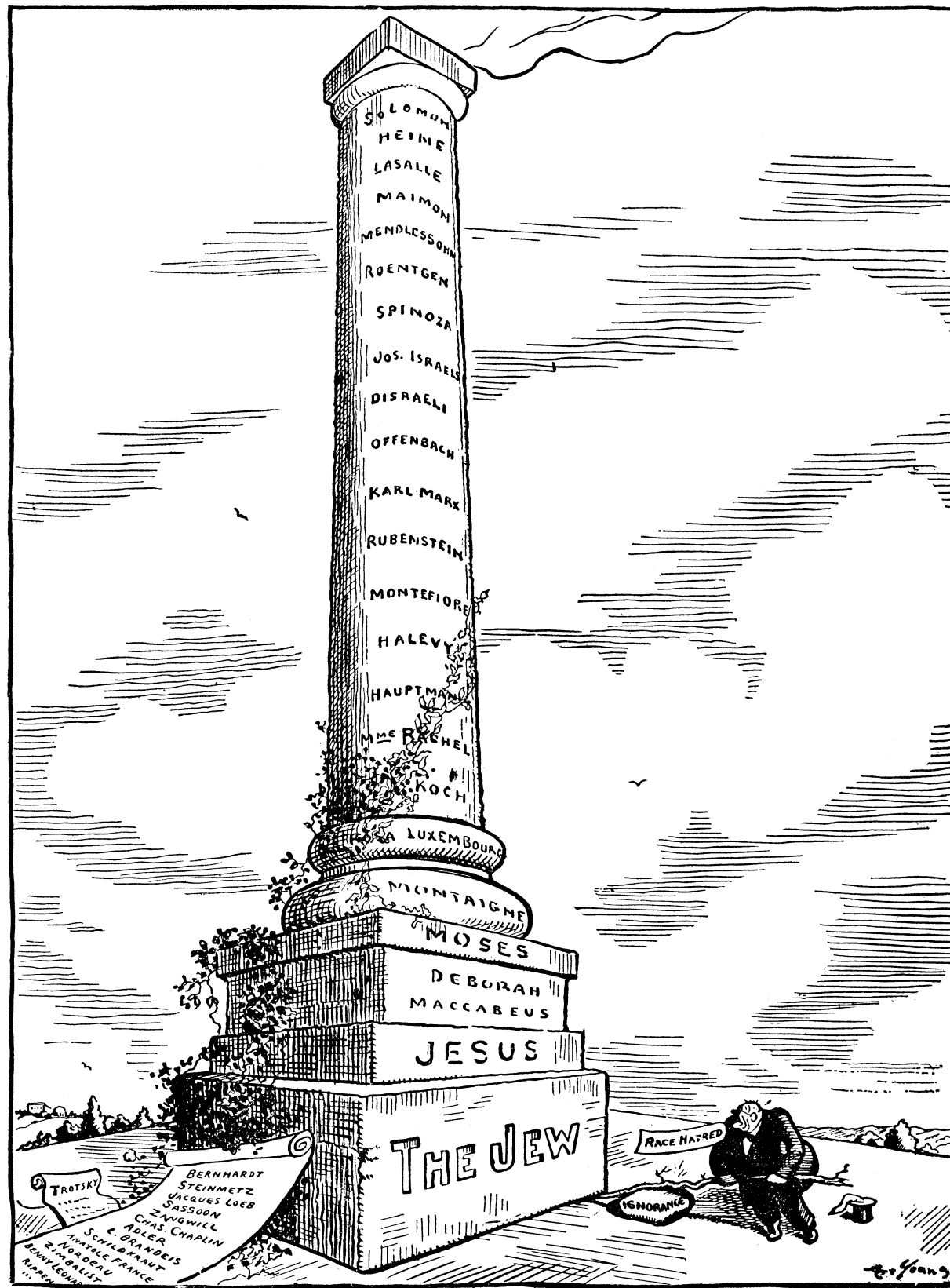
You can't blame the Jap—there are too few here. You can't blame the Negro—you need him for the dirty work—the cheap wage — then blame it on the Jew! . . . He's too fresh anyway. He's been hogging business too much. He's a nastily successful competitor — in finance, business, art, music, chess, — yes, even prizefighting. . . Blame the war on the Jew — blame prohibition on the Jew— blame hunger, profiteering, graft, hootch, Spanish flu — and German measles on the Jew. The Jew wants to be Emperor of the Universe, and Pope of the Churches. Get your mobs all heated up, have Ford crank up his Jew-baiting machine until the world rattles with the tin-can echoes of his ranting—get the high priests busy with Judas and Caiphas and diatribes against the "Christ-Killers" — sic the hordes of hunger down into the Ghettoes upon the friends who threaten the home, flag and God of your dear peoples, string up a thousand bearded peddlers on the lamp-posts of Essex Street, pour pure Socony coal oil on their gabardines and let them blaze and shriek to death. . . And their maidens — ravish them and be blessed, and their children, trample out their filthy souls— and be sanctified.

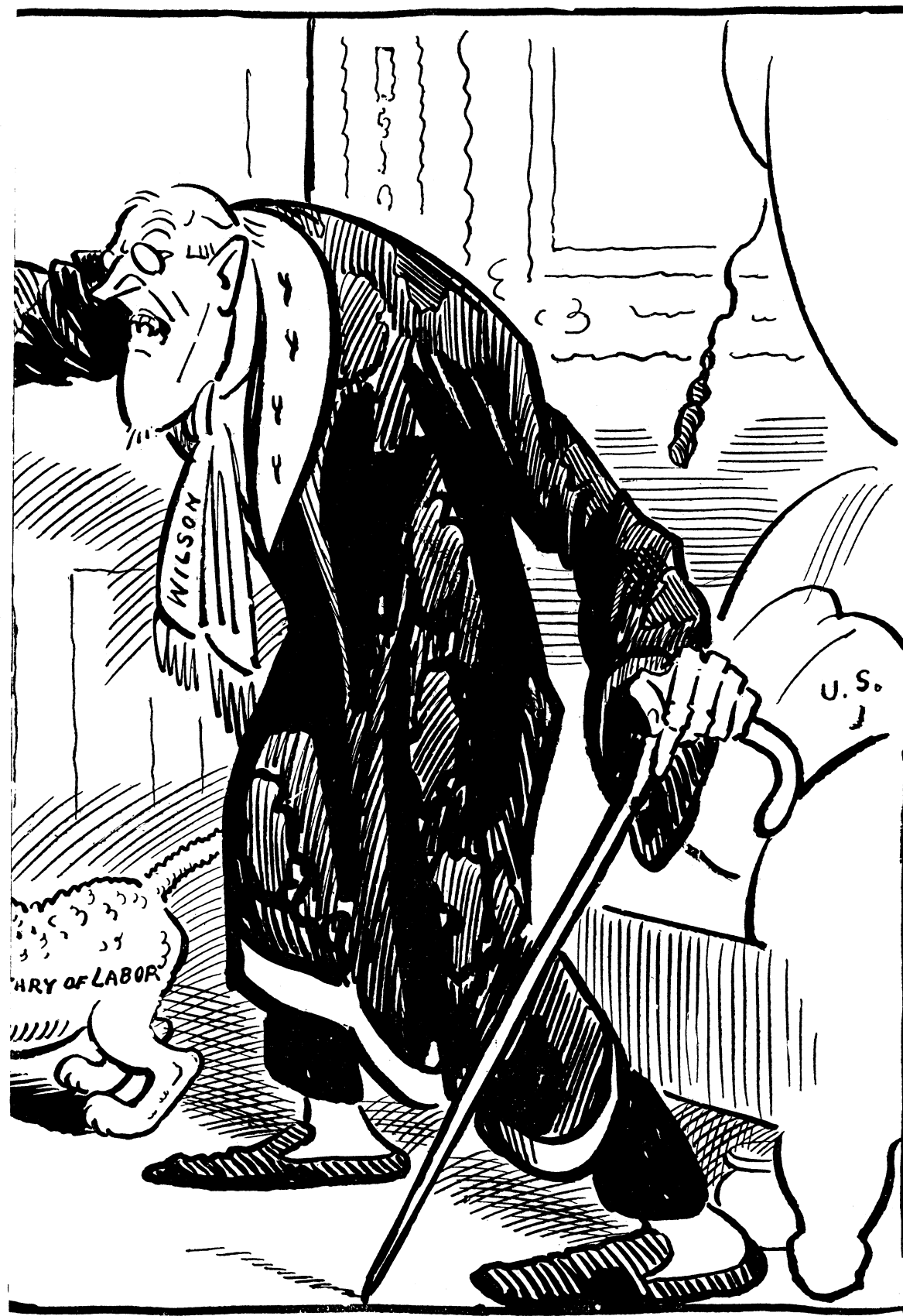
And then, when you have done all this, the curse will have spent its strength. Good times will come and the harvests will be plenteous and the tables of your people will be laden with viands and wine.

And while all this goes on, remember—the people must not be given a chance to think. And never must they be given to know that your God and theirs was himself—a Jew.

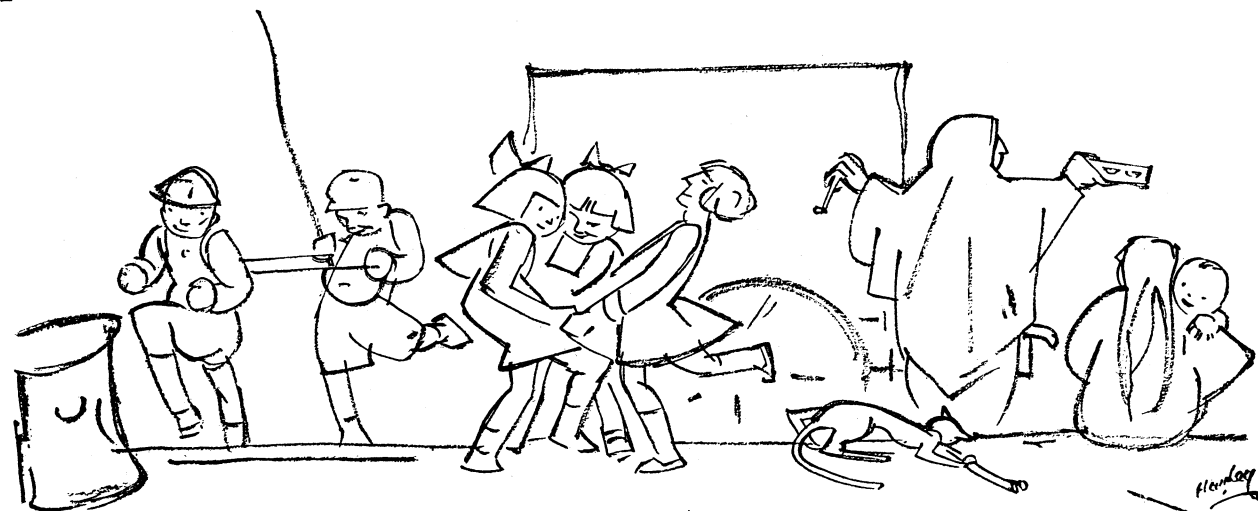
* * *

Good Morning wishes to add its word of protest to those of its respectable contemporaries against the great wave of crime which threatens to engulf our fair country. There is, we feel, but one attitude which all Americans, regardless of how we may differ in other respects, should take on such an issue as this. Crime should be uncompromisingly denounced.





His Crown ing Blunder



THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE

*It was at a dance
That I met her again. . . .
We had been friends,
Good friends,
But only friends:
You see, she had been in love with my chum.
And I had been mainly interested in Someone
Else. . . .*

*But in the year
We had freed ourselves from the bondage of
love—
Though we were both beginning to yearn for
the chains again. . . .
We talked over old times,
And laughed kindly at the old loves,
And danced together often
(And a girl must like me a lot to dance with me
often)*

*And I began wondering
Whether she wasn't the Most Wonderful Girl
Of my dreams.*

*But she wasn't.
For, when I asked for her address,
I found she had moved to New Rocheele—
And who the deuce wants to go to New Ro-
chelle to make love?*

*Maybe she'll move to New York again—
Till then
I shall keep on hunting.*

MORRIE.

"COKE"

*I wuz a sailor,
An I wuz rough.
Wide as a boom,
Strong, an' tough.*

*Till Slanty, de cook,
Wid a line o' guff,
Showed me de dope,
An how to snuff.*

*Soon, me chest caved in
Like a sail in a luff.
An I hit de beach,
An it hit me a cuff.*

*I'm busted, Doc,
But slip me de stuff,
Or I'll slit me trout—
I've suffered enough.*

E. HANLEY.

As we interpret the anti-boycott decision of the Supreme Court, Mr. Gompers' famous "Bill of Rights for Labor" remains essentially unimpaired. The workers still have a right to do anything that will not give offense to the Best People.

The hen-pecked man does all his crowing away from home.

PRETTY GOOD FOR A YOUNG MAN

"I refuse to accept the money because it is not mine. A system which starves thousands while hundreds are stuffed condemns itself. A system which leaves a sick woman helpless and offers its services to a healthy man condemns itself. It is such a system that offers me a million dollars.

"It is blind to the simplest truth known to every child, the truth that the hungry should be fed and the naked clothed. I have had to choose between the loss of private property and the law which is written in every human heart. I choose the one which I believe to be true."—Charles Garland, who refused a legacy of a million dollars.

Browne: The old fashioned square piano is about obsolete.

Towne: Seems to me the old-fashioned square man is, too.

Miss Browne: Are you fond of sports?

Mrs. Towne: I used to think so until I married one.

HIS WEAK POINT

David (before starting for school): "Mamma, don't forget to write me an excuse for being out of school."

Mother: "I have it written—here it is: "Please excuse David not being at school, as he was sick in the week end and I thought it best to keep him at home."

IN THE PARLOR

*She capered in the parlor, where
The swell guests sat about;
If I had done what she did there,
They would have put me out.*

C. H. M.

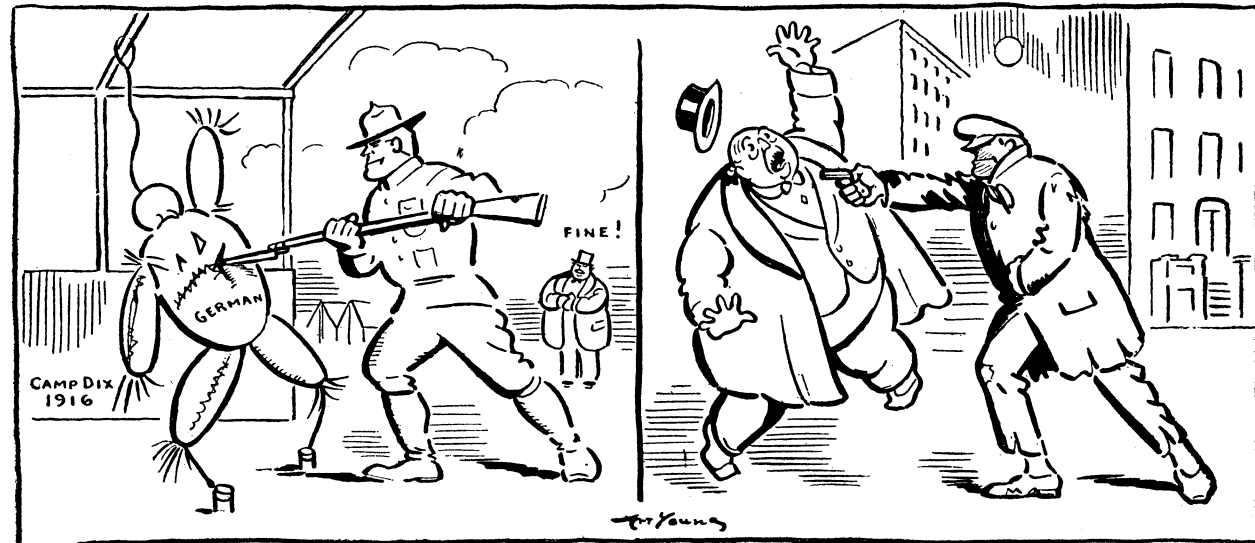
Browne: "A woman is never satisfied."

Towne: "That's right. She isn't happy till some fellow comes along and makes her miserable."

When a man's wife laughs at his jokes they are pretty good—or else she is.



THE LIBERTINE



A Lesson Well Taught
 "Ex-Soldier Kills Prominent Citizen."—Newspaper headline.

Flexibility and Sub-pressed Desires

"We hold that the fare should be flexible."

So sings Ivy Lee in a recent issue of the *Subway Sun*. We wish we could quote the rest of the poem, but we can't. Riding in the subway is like a dream. You remember it. You can't forget it. But it is very difficult sometimes to recall the details. You will crane your neck for thirty-one consecutive mornings at one of Mr. Lee's haunting lyrics, until you feel that you have absorbed it into the very fibres of your being, only to find on climbing out of the subway that you have climbed out of its literary atmosphere as well.

We don't even know that Mr. Lee is the author of these lyrics. When we are in the subway, we always take it for granted that he is; but when we reach earth's surface again, we always forget to find out. We think he is, anyway; and if he isn't, he surely deserves to be. Mr. Lee is beyond doubt America's greatest literary genius. In his works we always find that perfect blending of sentimentality and success which stamps our literature as 100 per cent American.

Right here we wish to protest against the scurrilous slanders of the proletarian press which persists in referring to Mr. Lee as "Poison Ivy." To those who understand the romance of business and the business of ro-

mance, he will be known as "Clinging Ivy" instead. America will never forget how he clung to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or his loyal devotion, for that matter, to anyone else who came across. We sincerely hope that our information is correct and that Mr. Lee is the editor of the *Subway Sun*; for in him, if the salary is right, the Interborough is sure to find a lasting friend.

Perhaps it should be explained to our out-of-town readers that the *Subway Sun* is the organ of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York. Its object is literary, educational and humanitarian, especially humanitarian.

The Interborough is probably the coziest little railroad in all the world. It is so cozy during rush hours (the "rush hour," in New York idiom, is the hour that rushes past while your train is stalled between stations) — it is so cozy, we say, during these rush hours, that passengers can never tell whose hands they are holding, while pickpockets have no chance at all. The best they can do is get their fingers in your pockets; they can't get them out without letting go of everything. Recent statistics show that the average New Yorker has already added three-quarters of one cubit to his stature, by getting himself rolled twice a day in

the subway crush, and he still hopes to break the Biblical record.

Naturally, the Interborough is anxious to do away with this overcrowding — by any honorable means short of spending money. It has hit upon a novel plan. Raise the fare, of course. The higher the fare, the lower the mortality. Relatively few would ride if the fare were, say, four dollars and a half in place of the five cents which is the legal maximum today; and it is conceivable that the fare might be boosted to a point where every passenger could get a seat.

For a number of years, the *Subway Sun* has consistently championed this great American reform. But the public, for some reason or other, has been apathetic. The public, it seems, won't listen to reason. But it will listen to poetry and we predict success for the Interborough now.

"We hold that the fare should be flexible!"

If we could only remember the rest! One other line, in particular—didn't it run something like this?

"Some pay per se and some folk sink."

A flexible fare, we take it, is a fare that will stretch. You probably begin to pay at one end of the line and keep it up till you reach the other. Possibly each car is to be equipped with trap-doors in the floor, which will be held in place only by a continuous ante. This should facilitate transit for, as some folk sink, others can be taken on at the next station. As it is today, you have to get on at least as far north as Dykman Street, during the morning rush, in order to be sure of getting on at all. Below 145th St., you haven't got a chance in the world until the rush is over. You just hang around the platform for the best part of the forenoon, watching the trains roll in and roll on.

As we think it over, however, we didn't get the quotation exactly right. We think it went more like this:

"Some papers say and some folks think."

Well, even at that, its pretty good poetry;

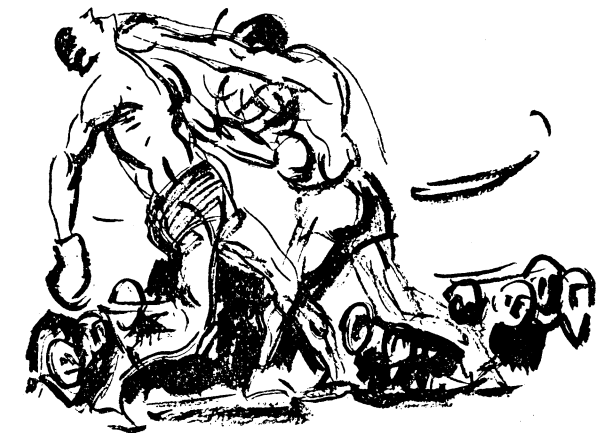
and we persist in believing that the whole thing when put together, will be recognized as an exquisite operetta, done by no less a master than Ivy Lee. If we can not succeed in reproducing the original, the temptation is strong upon us to take the two lines at hand and fill in as best we can.

*We hold that the fare should be flexible,
 And the passengers' purses annexable;
 We gotta get millions
 And billions and trillions
 And piles that ain't even indexible.
 Oh, where is this money to trickle from?
 And ain't it a heluva pickle from
 Which you must swish us,
 You fine, young poor fishes,
 Whom we now get but one little nickle from?*

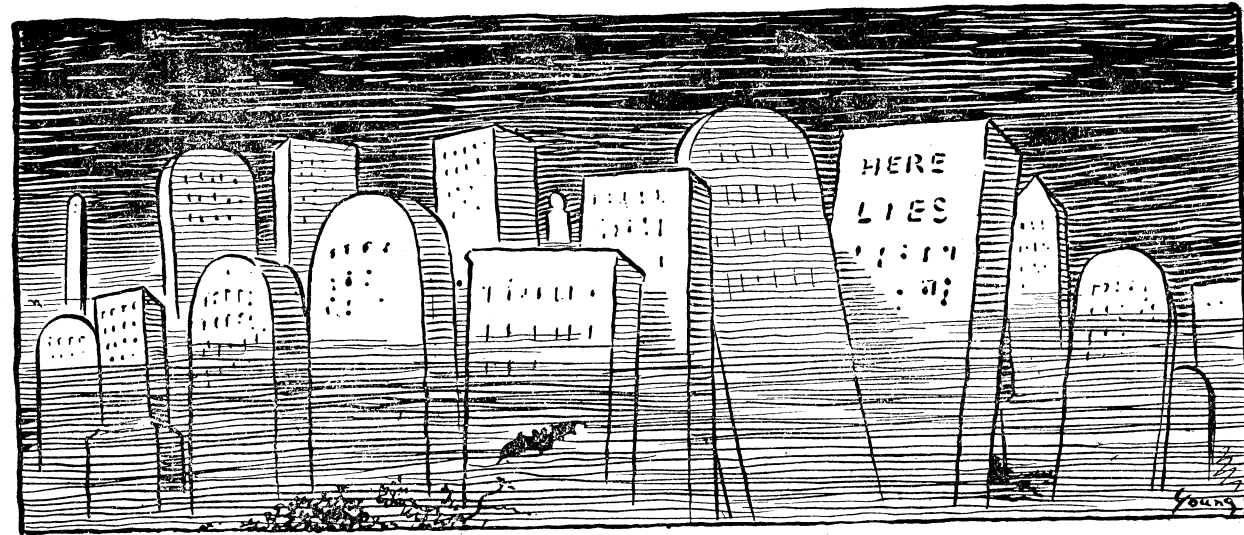
Or this:

*Some papers say and some folks think
 If we left you any money, you would go and
 buy a drink.
 We are on to Henry Dubb
 And we'll have him build a sub
 With the bloody wealth that otherwise would
 put him on the blink.*

That isn't quite up to the Ivy Lee standard; but it approaches it and we hope it will give our readers a subway taste. Take the subway, is our advice—after meals and at bedtime. But take it right. Take it as the Interborough takes it—as Ivy Lee takes it. Too many of us take it as a necessity. These great Americans take it as a joke, remembering in their lyrical souls that every way'll be subway by and by.



Drawn by R. Marsh



THE SKY LINE OF NEW YORK
As it looks to those who go down in the struggle.

SKETCH—A FACET

New York,—you giant spider among cities,
Spreading silken threads in the dawn of
young men,
You life-sucker and bitter giver,
You great beast with shoulders against the sky,
You loose-boned mother
Bearing children without pain,
Quitting the babe where it drops,
You contractor of men,
And hoarder of pink women,
You fretting nervous thing, foaming at the
mouth,
Waving ten thousand tenacles at helpless
prey,—
Aye, you cannibal,—feeding on your own
flesh,
Covering your belly with silk and with
velvet
While your entrails are foul!

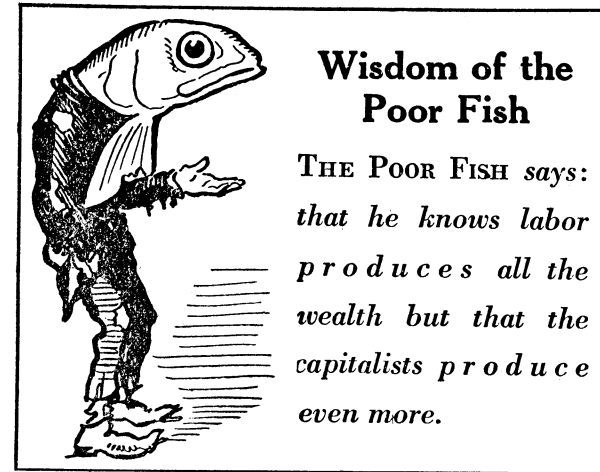
Oh your breath is perfumed and you are
mighty,
Your strength bounds over the sea,
But your children are humble and many are
blind.
(Did you not fail to wash their eyes,
Oh my prodigal mother?)
They bathe you,—those children,—

And brush that streaming long hair, —
The sourest work is accomplished
That your fingers stay clean.
(Do you not flaunt a lace kerchief?)
Are you not fair to look upon,
Are you not a good fellow, a shrewd com-
panion,
Oh excellent mother of armies and gold?
Now watch the tremor among your servant
creatures,
That stir about your loins,
That clatter at your ear.
They may rout your hair—
Befoul your flesh in their eagerness,
(Have you taught your children prudence
Who stretch to reach your soul?)

M. B. M.

A TRAINER FOR THE FOREIGN BORN

Commissioner of Immigration Wallis is re-
ported to have been much annoyed, when on
a tour of Ellis Island recently, an attendant
addressed him as follows: "Whut t' hell are
you doing here? Git over there where you
belong." The commissioner was wrong in feel-
ing upset. A man like that has possibilities.
Give him rein and he might become a police
inspector, a corporation magnate, or chairman
of the National Committee for the Instruction
of Unappreciative Aliens in 100 Per Cent
Americanism.



**Wisdom of the
Poor Fish**
THE POOR FISH says:
that he knows labor
produces all the
wealth but that the
capitalists produce
even more.

A good deal of fun has been poked at the
United States Senate for its failure to grapple
with such problems as reconstruction, unem-
ployment, the breakdown of our industrial
system and the starvation of the world. But
give the Senate something of its size to wrangle
over and the Senators seems to be as bright as
anybody. Witness the week's debate over the
proper cost of the Inaugural Ball. It was posi-
tively brilliant, and everybody seemed to have
ideas. We move that the Senate be hereby
released from other obligations and be
made a permanent National Dance Committee.

Sign in a New York Bank: "Harding start-
ed life by putting something aside." So we
suspected, every time we tried to read one of
his speeches. But since Mr. Harding never
seemed to notice the loss, wasn't it unkind to
call attention to it?



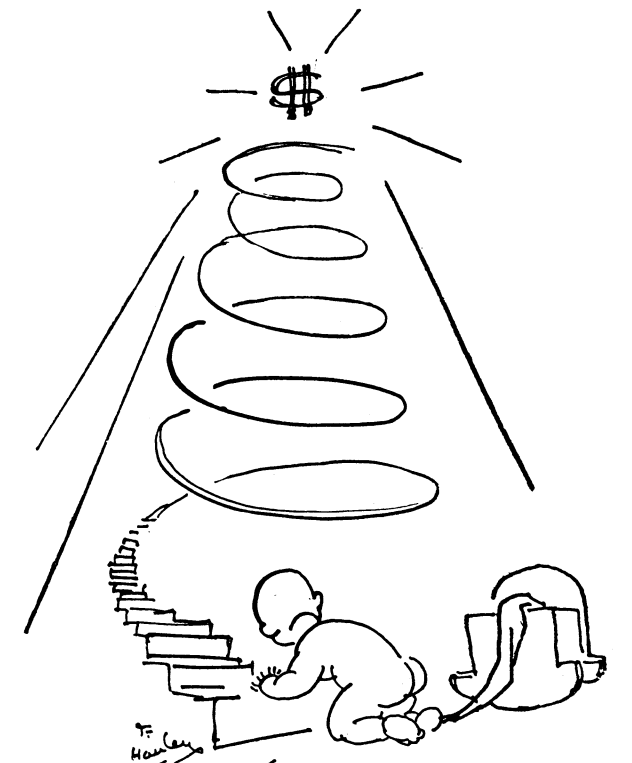
Excavating an Antique.



MR. HOUSTON WAITS WITHOUT

All of the members of Wilson's Cabinet ought
to find it easy to get jobs after March 4th.
All have served Big Business as humbly and
as eagerly as possible. And their names will add
a kind of dignity (you know the kind) to cor-
poration letter heads.
Wall Street's first choice ought to be Mr. Hous-
ton. The Secretary of the Treasury's recent recom-
mendation that a heavier tax be put on incomes
below \$5,000 shows him to be a good financier and
we predict that he won't be kept waiting long
when he sends in his card to Big Business.

In reply to many inquiries, we wish to say
that Max and Monk were two distinct persons.
The authorities never pardoned Max.



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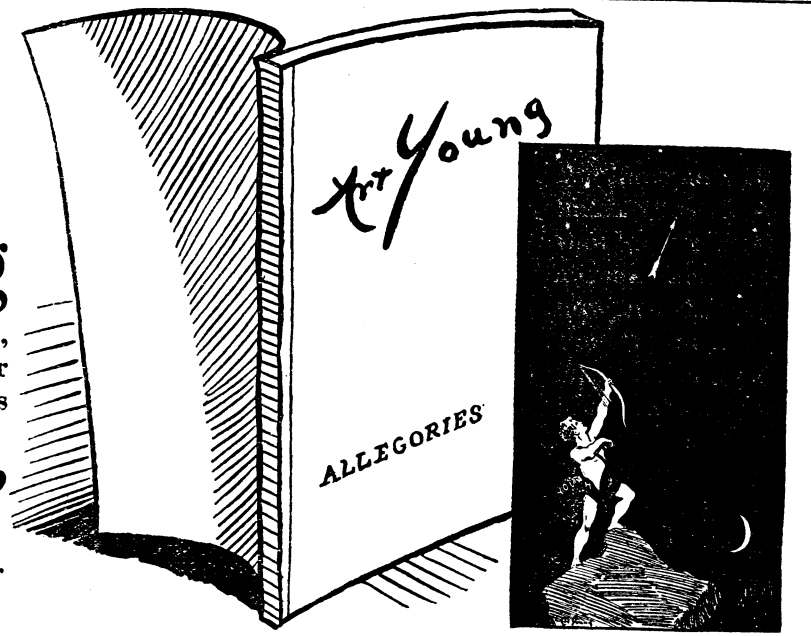
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...books that week were volumes by Bertrand
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 Sandburg, Chekov, Dostoevsky, Galswor-
 thy, Upton Sinclair, Walt Whitman. All
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...creation. There are announce-
 ments of "intellectual events," namely,
 classes in logic, biology, philosophy, Eng-
 lish and economics, conducted by various
 prisoners. There are political articles, and
 an editorial discussion of "The Conscience-
 less Objector." It appears that "the con-
 scienceless objector resents being known as

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